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King *JAMES*,

At St. *Germains en Laye*:

Occasion'd by the

Signing of the PEACE.

LONDON:
Printed for *Richard Baldwin*, near the *Oxford-Arms* in *Warwick-Lane*. 1697.

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Between the

French King,

And the Late

King *JAMES.*

F. K. *BON jour Mon Cousin.*

K. *J.* I hope your Majesty will excuse my want of Breeding. To tell you the Truth, Sir, I am quite out of love with any thing of *French.*

F. K. Why so out of humour, Sir?

K. *J.* Not without Cauſe, Sir, if I may be a Judge in my own Caſe; I preſume your Majeſty cannot but know the Occaſion.

F. K. Upon my Honour, not I; Madam *de Maintenon* and I have been Solacing our ſelves, congratulating each other upon the good News of a Peace.

K. *J.* And I upon the ſame Account have been Curſing my Cruel Fate, and Falſe Friends.

F. K. Sir, I hope you are not come to affront me. But that I am in an extream good Humour, I might have reſented ſuch an Expreſſion.

K. *J.* Your Majeſty may do with me as you pleaſe; I have loſt Three Kingdoms already, and I have nothing left now worth loſing.

F. K.

F. K. Come, Sir, let me desire you to curb your Passion, and guide your self by Reason.

K. *J.* Is this a time to talk of Reason, when Experience tells me I am in a fair way to beg my Bread?

F. K. What would you have me do?

K. *J.* As you promised me, Sir, and as I promised my dear Friends soon after I came here, That you would not put up your Sword, till you had revenged my Quarrel, and replaced me on the Throne from whence the Heretical Crew expelled me.

F. K. 'Tis true, Sir, I drew my Sword, and will not put it up my self; yet upon a second Consideration, the *Dauphin* shall; and really it is not just he should inherit a wasted Kingdom, nor that I should entail

entail upon him a perpetual War with his Neighbours; therefore I have adviſed him to take your Grandfather's Motto, *Beati Pacifici*; knowing by my own Experience the fatal Miſchiefs of War.

K. *J.* Truly, Sir, I think you cannot in Honour make a Peace with the Prince of *Orange*, ſo long as he keeps me out of my Throne.

F. K. Put Intereſt in one Scale, and Honour in the other, you'll find it a meer Trifle.---- Neceſſity has no Law.--- You have been my Penſioner theſe Nine Years, and not only your ſelf and Bedfellow, but the little Prince, as you call him, and a Gallimaufrey of Highlanders, Rapparees, and Renegado's, have been fed and cloathed at my Charge. Is all this nothing?

K. *J.* Worſe than nothing, Sir; except you had compleated that meritorious Work of Re-enthroning me. But if I had had the leaſt thoughts how I ſhould have been ſerved, I would long ere now have come to Compoſition with my Subjects: The *Engliſh* are naturally Honeſt and Good-natur'd, and I am perſwaded would have allowed me the Intereſt, though not the Principal.--- But now, Sir, I have no hopes.---

F. K. Recollect your Memory, and you may remember that I lent you an Army in *Ireland*, which with your *own* Courage, and the Aſſiſtance of ſome able Friends in *England* and *Scotland*, might have enabled you to regain your Poſt; but no ſooner did the King of *England* offer you Battle, but away you run, and left my Men to

be knockt o'th' Head at the *Boyne*.

K. J. Natural Infirmities, Sir, you know are unavoidable. 'Twas nothing but what I deriv'd from my peaceable Grandfather; my Brother *Charles* had a little of his Hypocriſy, and I too much of his Courage; yet, Sir, I can remember how I ſwing'd the *Dutch* bravely, when I peept out of my Fortification of Cable-Ropes, and cried Halloo Boys, halloo. Oh! how I made the Rogues ſcamper!---but now I grow old and unfit for Martial Exerciſe.---

F. K. *Luis d'ores* you have ſquandred away without number, under pretence of Secret Service, for ſupplying the Neceſſities of the Loyal Clergy; for Correſpondence with Great Men at Court; providing Arms and Ammunition to beat up the Prince of *Orange's* Quarters,

and a round Sum for Pamphleteers, News-writers, Ballad-makers, Private Presses, and Wagerers.----- But where's the Fruit of all this?

K. *J.* Sir, you are too hasty; I had as fine a Plot on the Stocks as any Jesuit in *Europe* could invent, and would have Launcht it in two or three Months, if this damn'd Peace had not prevented it.

F. K. Well remembred; This brings to mind your fertile Inventions and Abortive Executions. I suppose you have not forgot the Chevalier *Granvil*'s good Success; That was a rare Contrivance of yours, o' my word, had it been well effected!

K. *J.* Success is not in the Hands of Man, Sir; if it were, I had had as good Success with the Prince of *Orange*, as you had with the Duke of *Loraine*.

F. K. Your Son *Berwick* offered to bring the Prince of *Orange* Dead or Alive, upon Condition that I would give him a Marſhals Staff; but that Project fail'd.

K. *J.* 'Tis true, Sir; the Duke took the Sacrament on't, but forgot *Ned Petres* Benediction. I'm ſure I did my endeavour on my bare Knees; and if *Ave-Mary's* and *Pater-Noſter's* would have effected it, I had carried the Day. For my part, I believe the Virgin was aſleep, and St. *Loyala* thick of hearing, elſe why ſhould I be thus diſappointed?

F. K. I'll tell you why, Sir; your Faith has not been well-grounded; you have expected Mountains, and are fain to content your ſelf with Mole-hills; Could you ever think to reaſſume your Abdicated Throne, by the help of a pack of deſperate forlorn

forlorn Fellows, who have liv'd upon the Odd Pence you could ſpare out of my Allowance? And whilſt they pretended a Tenderneſs of Conſcience, would have cut your own Throat with as little Remorſe as *Rookwood* or *Cranbourn* would have Aſſaſſinated your Son-in-Law.

K. *J.* I am perſuaded, Sir, That Glorious Work had been done by my Faithful Servants and Martyrs, had not thoſe Two Traitors, *De La Rue*, and *Pendergraſs* told Tales. I ſay, Sir, A man can do no more than he can do; and if ſuch Enterprizes fail, we are the leſs beholden to Heaven.

F. K. I am ſorry, Sir, you are Born under ſo Malevolent a Planet; If my Stars had been ſo unkind to me, I ſhould ſcarce have been *Louis Le Grand* now, and weathered the

Point

Point through ſo many Campaigns as I have done. But now I grow in years, it is high time to be quiet, for I'd fain go to Heaven in Peace.

K. *J.* 'Tis True, you have had better ſucceſs than I, Sir; but you may thank your Ammunition, Sir, 'tis that has done you many a good piece of Service. You Charg'd your Cannon with *Luid'ores*, and fill'd your Bombs with *Piſtoles*, which upon the firſt Diſcharge made the Gates fly open, and the Governors your Humble Servants.

F. K. Not always neither; you may remember how *Aſhby* put a Trick upon me, and was the occaſion of my loſing the *Royal-Sun*, and put the *Chevalier de Tourville* in ſuch a Diſorder, that I could never ſince get him to look the *Engliſh* Fleet in the Face, though

though between you and I, I never intended he should.

K. J. That was a Disappointment, Sir; But how was I served at *Salisbury*! but I'll say that for my self, if my Nose had not bled, I'd have spoil'd the *Dutch* having Trade for ever; but such things are ominous.

F. K. To none but Cowards, Sir; you might have kept your Kingdoms till now, had you shuffled your Cards well; but you Drove too fast to keep your self i'th Box.

K. J. I did all for the best, Sir, out of a tender regard to Mother-Church. It was upon that account, Sir, That I sent my Brother *Charles* to Heaven a little before his Time. He was too sluggish to promote the Catholick Interest, and therefore I sent him packing.

packing. In requital for this, and ſome other little Tricks I put upon my Subjects, they ſent me to take the Air at St. *Germains*; but I'll remember 'em, if ever I make 'em another Viſit.

F. K. None but a Madman would hope for ſuch a thing. However, Sir, I beſeech you don't rely upon me for any Aſſiſtance; for to tell you the truth, I have done the utmoſt that lay in my power; I have Exhauſted my Kingdom to that degree, both of Men and Money, that 'tis e'en heart ſick, and I am afraid I ſhall hardly live to ſee it recover again. I have flung away Million after Million to gain the *Univerſal Monarchy*, but am farther from it now than ever. Had it not been for ſome Truſty Correſpondents in *England*, who now and then preſented me with

with a Brace or two of *East-India* Men, or a *Virginia* Fleet, I had been quite Unhing'd long ago.

K. *J.* I hope your Majesty forgets the Service my Privateers have done sometimes.

F. K. Now and then, Sir, they have brought me in a *Collier*, or a *Mackeril*-Boat, but that won't pay my Armies. As for my Fleet, I have made but little use of them since the Surfeit they got at *La Hogue*, which made 'em keep a long Quarrantain at *Thoulon* to my Cost, I'm sure, whilst the *Confederates* very bountifully flung their Fireworks into my Sea-port Towns for joy. But if you had had no other Allowance than the Purchase of your Privateers, you might have drank Small Beer and Beverage, instead of *Champain* and *Burgundy*.

K. *J.* My Men are afraid the Prince of *Orange* will put 'em to the ſqueak, if he gets 'em; and they are naturally averſe to the ſmell of *Engliſh* Hemp. But if I live to ſee *England* again, I'll make your Majeſty amends.

F. K. Pray don't let the thoughts of a Kingdom diſturb you; I had great hopes once of being King of *Great Britain* my Self, and that would have made me Amends ſufficient: But now neither you nor I are like to be the better for it.

K. *J.* Truly, Sir, to ſpeak like a Philoſopher, Crowns are but Encumbrances; yet it goes a little againſt the grain, to ſee my Son-in-Law take up my Crown, before I think fit to lay it down.

F. K. You know the *Engliſh* Proverb, *What can't be cur'd, muſt be endur'd.* I have told you more than once,

once, I have done to the utmoſt of my Ability; and I had better make a Peace with Honour, than be compell'd to it by Force. Heaven runs counter to all my Deſigns, and inſtead of giving Peace, I ſhall in a little time be glad to beg it: For Money I have none, and Men grow ſcarce; laſt Year I was in great hopes to have broke the League, and then I'de have pickt the Bones of the *Confederates* one after another, but that fail'd. This Year I made ſure of the *Spaniſh Flota* that would have fill'd my Bags bravely, but was fain to content my ſelf with the Plunder of *Carthagena*, and glad I got off ſo: The *Engliſh* Fleet have made themſelves amends by Sacking *Petit Guaves*, and Snapping the *Buccaniers*. So that when all theſe things are conſidered, I ſhall hardly be Twopence the better for the Expedition.

I thought *Pointi*'s Cargo would have been Gold Duſt and Diamonds; but inſtead of that, he has brought me home the Twelve Apoſtles and the Virgin *Mary*, which for fear of diſpleaſing the Clergy, I dare not melt. — You can't be ignorant what Showers of Gold I rain'd in *Poland*, to get the Crown for *Conti*, but there the Rogues have ſhamm'd me, and choſe the Elector of *Saxony*. My good Friends and Allies at the *Port* are put to the Rout by the *Imperialiſts*: I wiſh I had *Cheteau-Neaf* in my Cabinet at *Marli*, he'll be torn a-pieces for telling ſuch a pack of Lies. I made 'em believe I was ſtrong enough to raiſe Contributions as far as the Gates of *Vienna*, but inſtead of that, Monſieur *Choiſeul* is fain to content himſelf with paſſing and repaſſing the *Rhine*, and has the ſatisfaction of ſeeing *Eberenbourg*

taken before his Face. 'Tis true, I took *Barcelona* and *Aeth*, but had it not been to gain the *Grand Point*, I had rather have let it alone; however it has ſaved the Hangman a labour, and me the trouble of Diſbanding a great many, who for want of Employment have turned Freebooters. And in *Flanders*, do what I can, your Son-in-Law is too cunning for me.

K. *J.* Then your Majeſty is reſolved to ſign Peace.

F. K. It is already done, Sir.

K. *J.* And has your Majeſty acknowledged the Prince of *Orange* King of *England* whilſt I live?

F. K. Upon the Word of a King I have.

K. *J.* I hope your Majeſty has obſerved the Diſtinction between a King *de Facto* and *de Jure*.

F. K.

F. K. Truly, Sir, it is too late now to mind Diſtinctions; I have done it, and can't undo it if I would; I muſt be a Slave to my Word now; and to confirm the Sincerity of my Intentions, have given him his Principality of *Orange* into the Bargain.

K. J. Then I'm undone indeed, for I deſign'd to have begg'd that for my ſhare, and he ſhould have been a Titular Prince as well as my ſelf. But what Proviſion for my Son, the Prince of *Wales*?

F. K. None at all, Sir; if you are willing to take my Advice, ſend him to his Mother, if you know where to find her; or if you had rather, I'll prefer him to be a *Valet de Chambre* to the Dutcheſs of *Burgundy*.

K. J. No, Sir, I'll make him a Clergy-man, he's a forward Child.

But,

But, pray Sir, what ſeparate Article for the Relief of thoſe faithful, tho unfortunate Fools, the afflicted and diſtreſſed Cavaliers in *England*? I expect the firſt Fleet from thence will bring over ſome Thouſands to implore your Majeſty's Protection. I have nothing left to Succour or Support them my ſelf, but I hope your moſt Chriſtian Majeſty won't forget their Service.

F. K. No, Sir, by no means, I deſign to preſent them to the King of *Morocco*; he's a dull Fellow, yet has done me ſome little Service againſt the *Spaniards*, and I ought to make him amends; but if he has no occaſion for them, they'll ſerve to ſtock my Plantations; they have been Sick of the *Scurvy* a long time, courſe Fare, and hard Labour will be good for the Health of their Bodies.

K. J. Now it comes into my head, What does your Majesty think of a Descent upon *Jerusalem*, and the Holy Land? That would be a glorious Conquest.

F. K. Pray, Sir, trouble me no more with your Projects; I'll persuade the Old Gentleman to send you a Cardinal's Cap to strengthen your Whimsical Brain; and for your Spouse, when an Abbesship is vacant, I won't forget her. And so, Sir, adieu.

K. J. *I'll bear my Cross with Patience if I can; Ah!* Coleman, Coleman, *there's no Faith in Man.*

FINIS.